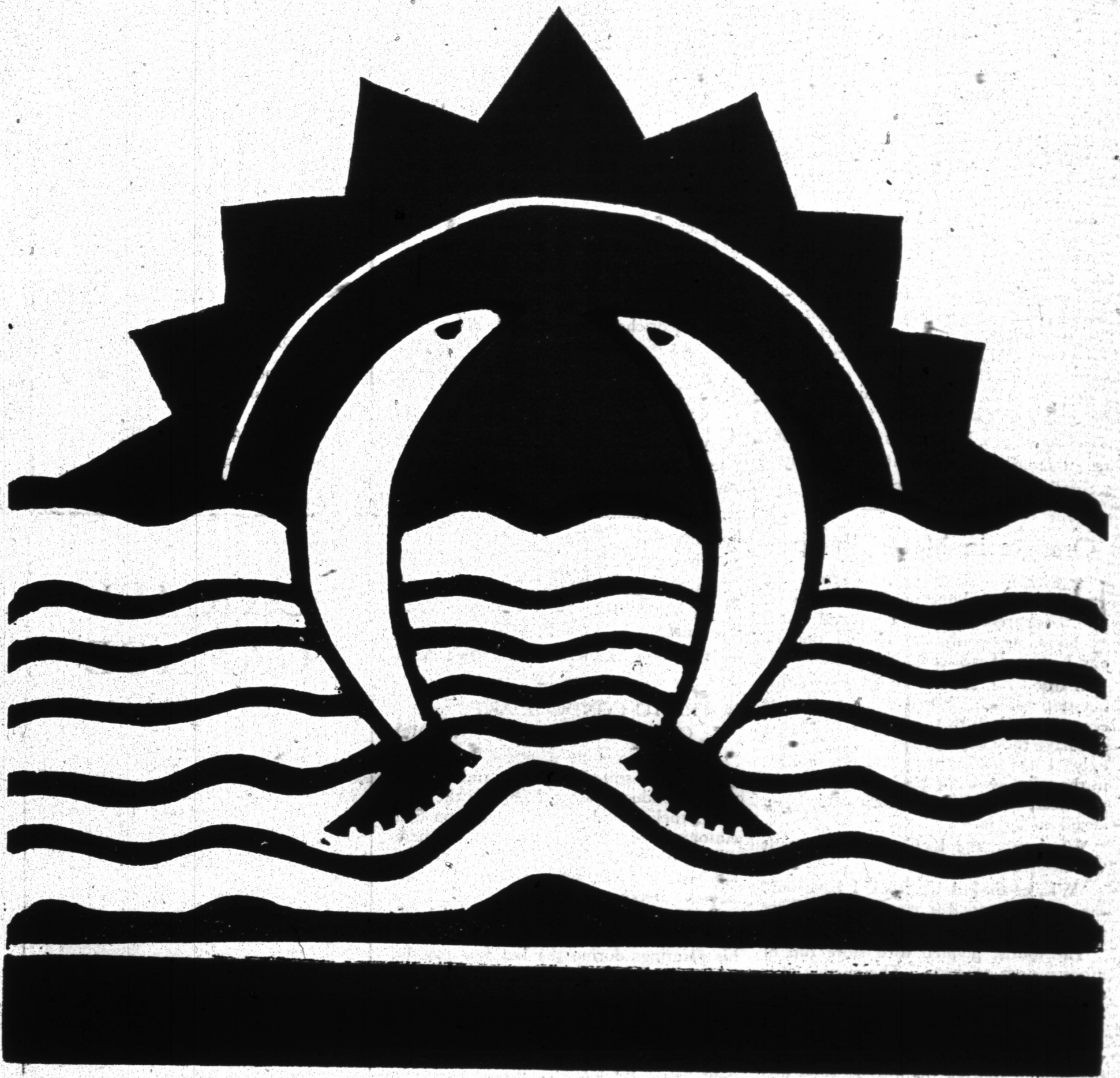


PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

**T H E
CARMEL
CYMBAL**

**DEC. 29
1926**

TEN CENTS



Mora Illustrates Tirey Ford Book Just Out

JO MORA, a Carmelite, who has achieved fame as one of America's leading sculptors, is the illustrator of "Dawn and the Dons", a book written by Tirey L. Ford, former Attorney General of California, and issued in San Francisco last week by A. M. Robertson, publisher.

Mora has already shown his love for the state by his sculptured tribute in bronze to Father Junipero Serra and the Mission Founders of Carmel. One hundred and ten of his vignettes and sketches are contained in this volume of California History, before the "coming of the gringo".

The story centers about Monterey and is a tale of the Spanish conquistadores, who came northward from Mexico and discovered California, "the land of the Amazons". Instead of the stereotyped method of portraying the fascinating story of the founders of the state, Ford has achieved a picturesque colorfulness in his narration. He has shown that he possesses a true knowledge of the early California—the padre trail makers, Viscaino's discovery of Monterey harbor, and finally the birth of a new and glorious state of Spain. The social aristocracy that developed with the growth of the capital of California, Monterey, under the Spanish and then the Mexican rule, and colorful descriptions of the life in Monterey all are contained in the book—the stern and militant senoras, dark-eyed, laughing senoritas, cavaliers and dashing vaqueros, the fetes, fandangos, horse races and barbecues are all described in a delightful style that is accurate as well as entertaining.

Oranges in Men's Shoppe

HERE is another one for Carmel. A tourist ambling up Ocean Avenue, apparently in a disconcerted frame of mind, nervously approached one of our L. C.'s (Leading Citizens), and said:

"Pardon me, sir, but please answer this question for me. I know that Carmel is eccentric and all that, but why under the sun have they got a grocery store for men only? I just noticed some luscious oranges in the window of the place that I have set my heart on. I want some and I am afraid to go in."

Whereupon the L. C. stood aghast. It was news to him.

"Why-er-ah I don't think I have seen the grocery store for men only. Where is it?"

The tourist pointed to a store full of grocery store products. The awning over the window bore the legend—"Men's Shoppe".

The tourist purchased the oranges when it was finally explained to her that the awning and not the grocery store was a relic of bygone days.

"They Knew What They Wanted" Coming Soon

WITH less than two weeks yet to go, rehearsals at The Golden Bough of "They Knew What They Wanted" are progressing splendidly. One notices an Italian festival spirit in and about town. Along Ocean Avenue members of the cast are heard to greet one another nonchalantly with such melodious phrases as "buon' giorno", "come sta lei?", "ah, carissima mia!", and so on. Truly, we appear to have a Little Italy with us for the time being.

Seriously speaking, the major characters in Sidney Howard's tragi-comedy of the Napa vineyards are being definitely and interestingly interpreted by the cast Edward Kuster has chosen. Tony, the Italian wine-grower—pathetic, humorous, not a little ornery but capable of supreme understanding—is being played by Edward Kuster himself. Amy, his bride, won by a mail-and-photograph courtship—an equally pathetic and heroic member of this Comedie Humaine, is being done by Ruth Kuster. Elliot Durham plays Joe, the third and disturbing member of the triangle.

Other characters who stand out because of Howard's ability to create individuals rather than types are Father McKee, played by Thomas Bickle, and the Doctor and the R.F.D. played by Guy Koepp and Peter Friedrichsen respectively. The complete cast is as follows:

Joe.....	Elliot Durham
Father McKee.....	Thomas Bickle
Ah Gee.....	John Bartlett
Tony.....	Edward Kuster
The R.F.D.....	Peter Friedrichsen
Amy.....	Ruth Kuster
Angelo.....	Barry Parker
Giorgio.....	Leonardo Munzo
The Doctor.....	Guy Koepp
Maria Maddelena.....	Helen Louise Newmark
Maria Maddelena's Mother.....	Marian Todd
Giovannino.....	Wesley Dow
Giovannino's Mother.....	Hilda Argo

BOTKE TO CONDUCT ART CLASSES AT CARMEL STUDIO

Private classes in painting, landscape, composition, still-life drawing and etching will be conducted after the first of the year by Cornelius Botke, at his studio on San Antonio street near Ocean avenue. There will also be an opportunity for private lessons for those who desire them, announces Botke.

Botke is a well known etcher and landscape painter and has exhibited many of his paintings during the last few months in San Francisco and Berkeley. A number of his etchings were shown at Paul Elders in San Francisco and at Haviland Hall on the campus of the University of California. Several of his canvases are now being exhibited at the Carmel Art Gallery on San Carlos street.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

NEW YEARS OBSERVED IN SUBJECT TITLE OF SERMON

"Backward and Forward" will be the subject of a sermon to be given next Sunday morning at the Carmel Community Church by Rev. I. M. Terwilliger, in observance of New Years Day. January 2 is the regular Communion Sunday.

A special program will be given at 7:45 P.M. by the Carmel Missionary Society, to which the public is invited. The Epworth League meeting begins at 7 o'clock.

Lucille Kiester

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OUR EXPERT MACHINISTS
OVERHAUL AND REPAIR
ALL MAKES OF CARS

Miss Morgan's Exhibit Attracts

THE exhibition of paintings of M. De Neale Morgan of Carmel at the Hotel Leamington in Oakland has received several favorable notices in the east bay papers. The exhibition began on November 17 and will end the last of this month, when Miss Morgan will return to her studio in Carmel.

H. L. Dungan, art critic of the Oakland Tribune, says: "Art lovers and students are welcoming the opportunity to view the latest work of Miss M. De Neal Morgan, California artist, who has received national and international recognition. All of her themes have been chosen in and about Carmel and her canvases reflect its cypresses, blue sea and sand dunes. Before going to Carmel to live, Miss Morgan was well known in Oakland. Her exhibition is open daily at the Hotel Leamington. It will close December 31."

Most of the sixty canvases that are included in this exhibition are new ones that have recently been completed by Miss Morgan. It is likely that they will be shown at her studio in Carmel some time in the spring.

Miss Heymann Scores

ELSA HEYMANN, who was a student at the Golden Bough during its first season, has made a recent triumph in the play "The Great God Brown", by Eugene O'Neill, which was produced by the Players' Guild of San Francisco last week in the Bush Street Theater.

A review of the play by George C. Warren highly commended her acting: "Margaret, giving a carefully studied performance of the role and adding to the form in which she cast it, soul and spirit. She made the part stand out and kept attention focused on her when she was on the scene."

Elsa Heymann was here in Carmel last when she played in "The Master" opposite Ben Legere.

Dr. Kocher To Build

IN KEEPING with the early California Spanish atmosphere of Carmel and Monterey, a new business structure of typical Spanish architecture will be erected soon at the corner of Dolores and Seventh, by Dr. R. A. Kocher. The plans, which were recently drawn up, call for two stores on the lower floor and an office with an apartment on the second floor. This office will be used by Dr. Kocher.

The building will be of concrete, with fireproof construction, and will have a tiled roof, balconies, grilled windows and arched wall openings, all of which signify the fact that it will be a colorful and artistic replica of the type of architecture used in old Spain.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

from

THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MYSTERY

Arts and Crafts Theater

This Thursday and Friday Evenings
DECEMBER Thirtieth and Thirty-first

Tickets One Dollar at Palace Drug Company

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly newspaper, founded May 11, 1926 at Carmel, California.

Published by The Cymbal Press on Wednesday of each week in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

Edited by W. K. Bassett. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

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Advertising rates obtainable on application.

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PERSONAL MENTION

MR. and MRS. MARTIN FLAVIN, of Carmel Highlands, left last Monday for a trip to Honolulu.

Miss Helen Sterling of Carmel is spending the Christmas holidays in Vienna and will later journey to Egypt, according to word received here by friends. Miss Sterling will probably return to America within a year.

Miss Jane Foster is spending the holiday season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fenton Foster, at their home on San Antonio. Miss Foster is a junior student at the Frances Head School in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pedersen, formerly of Carmel, and Mr. Peter Shueftan came up from Los Angeles to spend the holidays with Mrs. Lucille Kiester.

Miss Fay Murphy, a student at the University of Oregon, arrived in Carmel last week to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy, at their home on Monte Verde.

Miss Eunice Gray, who has lived in Carmel for some time and is the author of "Cross Trails and Chaparral", is now traveling in Italy where she will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Niole Locan of Carmel recently left for Pasadena to spend the holidays with friends. After the first of the year she will go to Berkeley, where she will visit relatives until February.

Miss Valentine Porter, a student at the Ojai Valley School, is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter, in Carmel.

Miss Marion Ohm, a graduate of the Monterey High School and now a sopho-

more student at the San Jose State Teachers College, is visiting her parents in Carmel over the holiday season.

Mrs. R. N. Tooker of Berkeley and her two daughters, Virginia and Leslie, and her son Fulton are spending the holidays with Mrs. Tooker's mother, Mrs. F. L. Fulton, at her home on Casanova. Miss Virginia Tooker was the instructor of the Children's Art Classes at the Arts and Crafts Summer School this summer.

Miss Christine Otis, a student at San Jose State Teachers College, is visiting in Carmel for two weeks. Miss Otis is a Red Cross Life Saving Examiner at the college and is a former student of Monterey High School.

Miss Virginia Rockwell and Miss Mary Weldon returned to Carmel last week after spending a fortnight in Pasadena with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mellon, who occupied a cottage on Monte Verde for a short time, have returned to their home in Delano, California.

Mrs. Leo Wintringham and her daughter Mary of San Francisco spent the holidays in Carmel with Miss Elizabeth White at her home in the Eighty Acres. Miss Mary Wintringham attends a private school at Menlo Park.

Several Stanford University students are spending the Christmas holidays with parents and relatives in Carmel. Among them are Miss Dorothy Cone, a Junior at the University, Tom and Andrew Gillette, Theodore Criley, Art Bragg and Fletcher Dutton.

Miss Elizabeth McClung White returned to her home in Carmel last week after spending several days in Berkeley with the Raymond Wilsons.

Miss Miriam Whitney, of the Stanford Lane Hospital in San Francisco, visited Mr. and Mrs. Willard Whitney over Christmas.

Jean Taylor Woods, a student at the University of Washington, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Taylor, at their home, "Sleepy Hollow" on Monte Verde, during the winter vacation.

Perham Nahl, head of the Art Department of the University of California, is visiting in Carmel this week. Nahl is noted for his etchings, many of which have been done along the Seventeen Mile Drive.

Mrs. William Butler of Carmel had for guests this week her father, William Butler, and daughter, Miss Marie Butler.

Miss Marion Turner is here visiting her mother, Mrs. Mabel Turner, for two weeks. Miss Turner is the head of a

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

private school for girls in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. John Adams have gone to Monrovia to spend the holidays there with Mrs. Adams' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Call and son, Jack, are in their Scenic Drive home over the holidays and are entertaining many guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Douglas entertained as guests over Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Johnson and three children of Oakland, Mrs. Ida E. Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tucker and son of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Johnson and Mrs. Elizabeth Fellows.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Gardner of Stanford University are spending a few weeks at their home in Carmel.

Miss Ysabel Chase of San Francisco and Pebble Beach left recently for Florida, where she will spend a few weeks.

Elsa Heymann of San Francisco is visiting Lucille Kiester for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hawthorn and two children of San Francisco are visiting Mr. Hawthorne's mother, Mrs. D. H. Hawthorn this week.

Mrs. Gordon McCleish is entertaining her mother and sister of Los Angeles this week, Mrs. and Miss Kirchofer.

Mrs. Louis Stott of Santa Barbara is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Doulton this week at their home on Monte Verde.

Since the right understanding of music and its proper appreciation is dependent upon the study of harmony, Miss Berger will take pupils desiring to further their activities along this line. It is an essential course in all schools of music and conservatories and requires two years to complete that course, without which graduation is impossible.

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Hestwood Panel Linoleum Unusual

THE Pearls of Loreta", one of the best known of the old Spanish Monterey legends, is the motif for a linoleum block cut, designed and executed by Robert Hestwood of Carmel. The block cut has been printed on cloth hangings of various colors and makes an interesting and unusual drapery. The press work was done by The Cymbal Press.

According to the legend, Ysabel Herrera, one of the most beautiful of the señoritas of Monterey, promised to marry the man who would bring her the string of pearls from the shrine of the Blessed Virgin of Loreta. In order to obtain the pearls for the girl, a young caballero killed the old priest who guarded the shrine and brought the precious jewels to his beloved to wear at the grand ball in Monterey. At the ball the pearls were recognized by a young monk who accused De la Vega of the murder and theft. The young couple fled to a steep cliff along the coast of Monterey and when the caballero was shot and killed by his pursuers the girl threw herself into the bay with the body of her lover.

Carmel Art Gallery Displays Pictures Well

ONE of the advantages in seeing the the paintings in the Carmel Art Gallery is that the prospective buyer can get a fair idea of the way a favorite canvas will look in the home, for the works of the Carmel artists that are exhibited there are arranged on the walls in a delightfully intimate way.

Some new water colors of scenes in and about Carmel by H. C. Brown, have recently been hung in the south room of the Gallery. One in particular is lovely in bright blues and greens, "Carmel Sands".

"Blossoming May", by Myron Oliver of Monterey, is a springtime study of the picturesque hills of Corral de Tierra at the base of old Mount Toño. Several new paintings by Jessie Arms Botke and Cornelis Botke are being exhibited, as well as one by Ferdinand Burgdorff, "Venus".

Hung in a rather obscure corner of one of the rooms is an old seventeenth century painting done on a wood panel, that is undoubtedly an old masterpiece. The name of the painter has become indiscernible through age. It shows a studio scene where an artist and writer are busy at work. The light that floods in through a stained glass window gives a beautiful effect to the painting which is done in the dark and gloomy colors so typical of the period.

—E. I.

CARMEL FIREMAN INJURED

The Carmel Fire Department was called out Sunday night to extinguish a chimney

fire at the home of Albert Molendyk in the Eighty Acres. No damage was done.

While on duty at the fire last Sunday night in Carmel, Vic Erickson, local fireman, received a broken shoulder as a result of a fall over the fire hydrant.

January Clearance Sale

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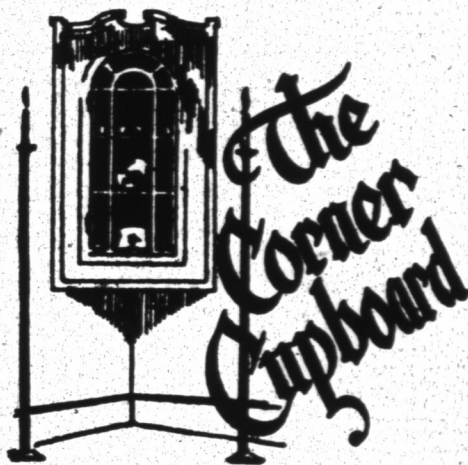
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ALL CARMEL AT COMMUNITY TREE

ALL CARMEL gathered about the Christmas Tree on Ocean Avenue last Friday night to sing carols and to watch the younger generation receive the gifts of the townspeople, which were presented by a very jovial Santa Claus, Elliott Durham. According to those Carmelites who worked to make Carmel's first Community Tree a success, it will be an annual affair from now on. The tree will be lighted every night this week.

The suggestion that Carmel should have a tree was made by Mrs. Phil K. Gordon, in a letter to the board of trustees. The idea was endorsed heartily by the board and \$100 was voted for expenses. From that time on Mrs. Gordon, with several helpers, spent every spare minute of her time working on the tree.

A small boy proved his metal by climbing to the top of the fifty-foot pine and throwing the tinsel over the limbs. Jack Belvaile, Gilead Peet, Harry Rogers and D. E. Nixon all assisted Mrs. Gordon in the decorating of the tree, while Jose Eturre won many envious glances from small boys by balancing himself on the top of a twenty-foot ladder and hanging ornaments on the branches. To add to the general state of excitement, 100 balloons were presented by the Manzanita Theater on Friday afternoon to be hung on the tree. The children of Carmel came to the rescue and exercised their lung power by blowing up these balloons.

The electric power for the lights was donated by James F. Pollard, manager of the Coast Valleys Gas & Electric company.

At 7 o'clock the lights on the tree were turned on. This, however, was none too early, for at that time there were several hundred children crowded around and underneath the stately pine. Then, with a jingling of bells, came old Santa himself, perched on the tonneau of somebody's car. Every child there received candy, popcorn and a present.

On Monday afternoon at Pine Inn Mrs. Gordon gave away the remainder of the presents to the children who were not present at the tree.

PICTURES OF THREE CARMEL ARTISTS CHOSEN AT EXHIBIT

Out of two hundred paintings sent to be shown in the Artland Exhibition at Los Angeles, only sixty were chosen by the judges. Three of these sixty are by Carmel artists—"The Chimes of a Great City" by I. Maynard Curtis, "As the Wind Inclines" by M. De Neale Morgan and "The Incoming Tide" by A. Harold Knott. Prizes for the best painting will be awarded by the vote of the members of the Artland Club in Los Angeles. The paintings are being shown now, and the exhibition will probably last until about the middle of January.

PERCY PARKES AND REAL ESTATE CO. IN NEW HOME

The offices of Percy Parkes, builder and designer, and the Carmel House and Lot company have been moved into the attractive new Spanish type building on Dolores Street between Ocean and Seventh avenues. The other half of the building, which is now about completed, will be occupied soon by a branch of the El Adobe Meat Market of Monterey.

The plans for the building were drawn up this summer by Percy Parkes and actual work was begun on September 15. The tiled roof and concrete used in the construction both tend to bring out the picturesque type of Spanish architecture used by Parkes.

PENINSULA ART REPRODUCED

Reproductions of paintings by two peninsula artists appeared in the Christmas edition of the San Francisco News Letter: "Asilomar" by Frank H. Cutting of Pacific Grove and "Carmel Coast" by M. De Neale Morgan of Carmel. Most of the canvases of both Cutting and Miss Morgan portray the rugged Carmel and Monterey coast, the sand dunes and cypresses.

MRS. YARD BETTER

Mrs. Sidney Yard, who recently underwent an operation in the University of California Hospital, is rapidly recovering and will soon be able to return to her home in Carmel.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL



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THE CYMBAL

*Not a magazine,
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The Saga of Snik

the adventures of a rat



LIGHT LUNCH AT THE BLUE BIRD TEA ROOM

I asked for tea
And if you please
A bit of cheese.
They gave me meat
Meat to eat
Beef and mutton
Steak and roast
I'm no' glutton
I don't boast
But I am wiser
I am Snik
A gormandizer
Makes me sick



ALL READY FOR ARTS-CRAFTS PLAY

A ROMANCE of the seventeenth century, "The Man With a Load of Mischief", by Ashley Duke, will command the attention of Carmel Thursday and Friday nights, when it will be presented at the Arts and Crafts Theater under the direction of George Ball and Louise Walcott.

The story takes place in an old English Inn, with the parts of the innkeeper and his wife being taken by Barry Parker and Louises Walcott. Helen Judson and Marian Todd play the lady and her maid, while George Ball and Robert Roe are his lordship and valet. The sets are being designed and erected by Rhoda and Dick Johnson.

Romance, intrigue, adventure and humor all play important parts in the portrayal of this interesting and entertaining play.

NEW CANDY STORE

"The Roman Lane Candy Store" which will occupy the former Parkes building on Dolores street, will be open for business probably the first of the week, according to the owners, George Romine and Dan Lane, of Monterey. The store is being equipped with modern furnishings. Ice cream and light lunches, as well as candy, will be served.

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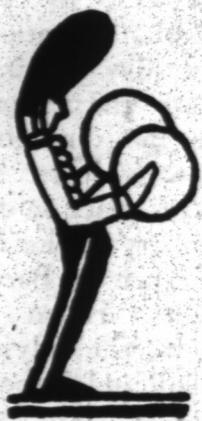


SEVEN ARTS
BUILDING

Zanetta Catlett
Kennedy Owen

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME II NUMBER 26
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1926



Notes and Comment

SITTING here at the keys of the Linotype, with the "smell of melting metal" in my nose—the terrible "clangor of the presses" having ceased an hour or two ago—and wondering what to write as a note or comment of a nature appropriate to the birth of a new year, I am moved to the memory of the story my mother often told me on my youthful demand of how Bret Harte, when he was setting type for my father sometime in the Seventies when my father was publishing the Golden Era in San Francisco, set up in type, chapter by chapter, from week to week, his story "M'liss" and how it was run in installments in the weekly. As I remember the story, the tale was never written on paper before it appeared in type in my father's paper. And then, when Bret Harte died in London his publishers—Houghton, Mifflin, I believe—found they could gather together everything the California author had written with the exception of "M'liss". They learned that it had been originally printed in the Golden Era. They wrote to my father and asked to borrow the files of the paper. These files—the only ones in existence—were getting mouldy on a high shelf in a queer sort of a room at the back of our house in Oakland; we called it the "wash room"; it is remembered principally by me as the store room for the box of pickled peaches which came every year from an aunt in the Santa Cruz mountains. But my father cherished those files and he was an old man and disappointed in life, and he refused to permit them to leave the house. The publishers then asked if they might send someone to the house to copy the story. This also my father refused—he wanted no profane hands on the evidence of his labor of journalistic love. He finally agreed to let my mother copy the story for the publishers. And as a boy I can remember seeing my mother sit night after night at the big dining-room table—for the files were large and bulky—copying in her fine, perfect script the story of "M'liss" that Bret Harte had never written but had set up in type at his case in the Golden Era office in San

Francisco many years before. One of the first copies of the complete works of Bret Harte was presented by the publishers to my mother and father and it contains a note at the introduction of "M'liss", telling how the story was obtained. Those files of the Golden Era are now in the State Library at Sacramento.

WHICH prompts me to remark that there are bound files of the first volume of The Cymbal available here at the office—not quite so valuable as those of the Golden Era, perhaps, but interesting for their shortcomings if for nothing else. And this happens to be the final number of volume two. We are ordering ten volumes made up, with good cloth binding and they can be had within two or three weeks if you are interested.

—W. K. B.

IN SETTING forth on the third lap of its journey in the realm of newspapers The Cymbal looks back with a certain amount of pride which fortunately is of greater volume than the regrets. There are some of the latter, however, and for them we offer a blanket apology, and if there are some reasons for this apology that we don't happen to include in it and that you think of or can remember, we would like to have you consider that it covers them also. But in the main we believe we have hewn to the line of our initial chalk-mark. We were not a bit reticent about stating our principles and we do not know of any of the that we have deliberately or knowingly violated. We have not quibbled and we have not been afraid; we have not hesitated and we have not turned aside. As the result principally of our endeavor to make of The Cymbal a paper that stands for something there are a number of persons in this town and district whose names are not on our subscription card index. There is a certain satisfaction in knowing that these persons are however buying The Cymbal at the newsstands and continually somehow finding it a source of interest to them.

WE SAID at the outset that we did not intend to print the "dirt". We felt that there are enough sources, working rather steadily on Ocean avenue daily, to provide you with all you want to listen to without the necessity of our filling up with it columns that could so much better be used for—well, for a report of the garbage situation, for instance. We have a conviction as to what belongs in a weekly newspaper in a small community and, which is more to the point, what does not. We feel we have had the courage of this conviction, and we believe our record is clean in this respect. And the columns of The Cymbal have always been, and will continue to be, open to any one and any organization that has something interesting to be set up in type. Through this policy we have printed from time to time "items" that have endeavored to disseminate ideas and theories that to us have been ridiculous and untenable.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

But we have an editorial column for our opinions and do not intend to air them in the manner or the nature of the news we carry for the information and entertainment of our readers. Not that this is entirely a case in point, although we have some ideas in regard to the matter, but The Cymbal is printing in this issue an abridged report of the lecture on Christian Science given at the Theatre of the Golden Bough the other afternoon. What we think of Christian Science hasn't much relation to what the lecturer said about it the other day, but as a theory, a theology, a science, if you will, or a metaphysical form of healing, it is interesting; it has come to be through the hordes of followers among the very apparent intelligent people of the present day, a vital thing in the progress of civilization. Down here a few doors from The Cymbal office an apparently sincere and conscientious young man is shepherding the flock which knows the Carmel Community church as its fold. From all reports Rev. I. M. Terwilliger is doing a great deal toward building up the regular attendance at his church. We understand he is a Methodist—rather an unbelievable, but considerably apparent condition of persons throughout the length and breadth of our land. The Cymbal is interested in Rev. Terwilliger and what he is doing and trying to do, because it is purely and simply a matter of human interest. We have asked him to give to The Cymbal, for publication in the next issue, the sermon he is going to preach next Sunday. And from time to time we hope that we will have other contributions from the gentleman. We are surprised at Methodist ministers, but we do not abhor them, as Mr. Mencken seems to do. They are interesting, as Christian Science is interesting. We imagine we could get interested even in George Wood if he were a Methodist minister.

WHICH starts us off on another thought. It has to do with the matter of the Harrison Memorial Library which gives evidence every now and then of being a live matter only to fade out again and be a very dead one until its rejuvenation comes as a sort of a new thing. The Harrison Memorial Library matter has, as a matter of fact, become one of Carmel's civic disgraces. We suspect, now that George Wood has got his hands on it, that it will continue in this state for some time in the future. In the matter of carrying out the wishes of the donor as set forth in her last bequest, the design as shown in a recently printed drawing, is certainly a disgrace. That design is about as far from what any intelligent person could picture what Mrs. Harrison wanted, as it is possible to get it and the thing be in the form of a building. Jo Mora sometime ago created a design that followed out the ideas of Mrs. Harrison, and at the time it was submitted there was money in the hands of the library board sufficient to build it according to Mora's plans. Where is that design, and why the competitions for de-

signs every now and then, with no definite action taken on the plans submitted? Why anything, in fact, except action?

* * * *

FOUR or five persons of our general acquaintance went home from their labors from a certain point on Dolores street every evening last week with what must have been a unanimity of sentiment most uncomplimentary to the much touted spirit of Christmas. They also must have carried discreetly locked in their respective bosoms rather uncomplimentary thoughts about flocks of human beings who take it upon themselves to augment and further this reputed spirit of Christmas. Miss Stella Vincent, Miss Helen Parkes, Mrs. Grace Wickham and William Titmas and the one or two other "extras" at the postoffice during the holiday season, surely could have had little time for thought of their own individual Christmas affairs for the ten days just preceding December 25 and the two or three days following it. What spells excited bustle and hurried affairs to others at the Christmas season, takes on the red characters of turmoil for the employees of the postoffice. And if there are any human beings who manifest an apparent Christ-like temperament during the Christ holiday, they are those who labor with the mail and as a consequence have less reason for godliness than anyone in any line of employment. Rest for the average person, final relief just before the candles are lighted, is turbulence to its highest magnified form for those in the postoffice. And they meet the less occasioned irritability on the part of the public with calm and silent service. There's a wardrobe of halos that must be plainly marked.

UNIQUE VERSE

(In Praise of Radio)

Critics many not call it art
Fashion may not make it smart
From such cant I must depart—
I'm a fan, I'm a faddist
Devotee among the maddest.

You may turn the dials around
Through parabolae of sound
Until a fitting program's found—
What you hate in all the planet:
With a twist you may can it.

You can talk back to a major,
You can hear much you will plagiar-
ize and use as yours, I'll wager.
You can dodge pap and triteness;
Speakers don't demand politeness.

While a dozen fiddles moan
To a single microphone
You need never be alone.
If you are a music glutton
Stay at home and press a button.

—P. G. W. in The New Yorker

Begin the New Year

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The Cymbal



THE CARMEL

THE DRAMA SECTION'S PROGRAM ANNOUNCED

THE DRAMATIC section of the Carmel Woman's Club, which is to meet for the first time at 2 o'clock on Monday, January 3, in the Carmel Art Gallery, Fourth avenue and San Carlos street, will learn that the plan of study as outlined by Louise Walcott intentionally leaves gaps which she urges the members to assist in filling.

Her first talks will be quick-moving descriptions of the origin of our stage and drama as we know them today. Since all requests so far received from members of the section have shown a desire to concentrate on the more modern conditions of the theater, little time will be given to these structural talks, and the actors, directors and writers of the present day will be introduced early in the course.

The excuse for any historic preliminary is the fact that a story of a revolution is meaningless unless the reasons for revolt are clear in a student's mind.

When it comes to a description of the various tangents on which rebels flew, the field is a wide one, and it is here that suggestions will be called for from the members. It is hoped that all who attend the meetings will be prepared to express their opinions and wishes as to which branch of theater work is of greatest significance to them, and which form of actual study is best suited to a group of their kind.

There is no wish to be didactic in the meetings. As the theater itself has broken away from a long-accepted series of conventions, so audiences, either as students or theater-goers, must keep open minds and cultivate the ability to see and follow every sign of actual life, and so help writers and producers by giving an intelligent appreciation or wisely considered condemnation of their efforts.

To know WHAT you like is the privilege of every childish mind; to know and explain WHY you like it is the constructive act of maturity.

Philosophy and pageantry; wit and beauty; the satire and the tragedy of life are all enacted on the stage, and the understanding mind, like the understanding heart, must have a place for each and all of them that live.

We of Carmel would be the last to call an art a business, but somewhere between the birth of an idea and its perception by the world there lies a space that must be prepared and developed, that

the finished work of art be worthily placed and fully understood.

—LOUISE WALCOTT,
Chairman Dramatic Section.

Carmelites Cooperate To Foster The Woman's Club

WITHIN two weeks of its first open meeting at which its aims and objects for civic usefulness were announced, the Carmel Woman's Club has been offered no less than four places of meeting by the residents of the town. The School Board was the first to come forward with the offer of the Sunset school auditorium for the club's big gatherings. Close on the heels of this came Edward Kuster's invitation to use the Theatre of the Golden Bough, and Mrs. H. G. Stoddard's offer of the Carmel Art Gallery for Monday meetings of the club. John Jordan, to whom the club is indebted for the use of Pine Inn for its first meetings of the membership and the Current Events Forum, has extended his invitation for the continued use of the Inn during the winter months.

Regular Monthly Meeting Is Set for January Tenth

ON ACCOUNT of the holidays the regular monthly meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club will be held on January 10 instead of on the first Monday of the month. The Civics Department is in charge of the meeting, at which its chairman, Dr. Amelia Gates, will announce the civic program of the club. The speaker of the afternoon will be Mrs. Ernestine Mott of San Francisco, member of the Board of Education of that city and regional director for seven western states of the National League of Women Voters. Mrs. Mott will speak on "Women's Responsibilities as Citizens". The place of meeting will be announced in next week's Cymbal.

Current Events Forum To Review Year 1926

THE important events of the year 1926 in art, literature, music, the drama, domestic politics and foreign affairs will be reviewed by local ex-

perts, men and women, at the next meeting of the Currents Events Forum to be held at Pine Inn, Thursday evening, January 6, at 8 o'clock. The brief resume of the "State of the Union" and the world as it stands today, given at the last meeting of the Forum before an audience of over a hundred men and women, will be expanded into a consideration of the leading events of the past twelve months in each of the various branches of human affairs which is to be covered in future meetings of the Forum. The program is in charge of the editors of the Woman's Club's "human newspaper", as the Forum has been called, who will announce their speakers and their subjects in the next issue of The Cymbal.

CALIFORNIA WILD SHRUBS

NEXT GARDEN GROUP TOPIC

California wild shrubs will be the topic discussed by Susan Kirk Davis, landscape architect in charge of the Woman's Club Gardening Group, at its next meeting which will be held in the garden of Mrs. William P. Silva on Carmelo between Ocean and Fifth, on Thursday of this week at 2:30 p. m. The study of flowers and shrubs and planting with all the details of care and cultivation is making these meetings in members' gardens intensely interesting and instructive.

MUSIC SECTION FORMING

In response to numerous requests for such a group, a Music Section has been formed in the Woman's Club, under the chairmanship of Miss Pauline Newman of Sunset School. Regular meetings and a program for this group will be arranged for and announced at an early date.

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TELEPHONE 366

WOMAN'S CLUB

Nature Group To Share Its Findings

THE interesting and delightful features of the nature life of Carmel which are being unfolded to the Nature Study Group under Elinor Smith's skilled guidance can now be enjoyed in a measure by those who cannot join the group, in the series of articles on our native wild life which Mis Smith will contribute weekly to the club page in The group meets at 10:30 o'clock every Tuesday morning at the home of Dr. Amelia L. Gates, Camino Real between Seventh and Eighth.

THE MONTEREY PINE

ALONG this coast the trees, like the poor "we have always with us"; in Carmel largely the Monterey pines, these friendly, little "homey" pines quite unlike the giants of the Sierras. With the exception of a little group or two of Bishop's Pines, and a possible variant of themselves, the Monterey pines are the only native pines of this region.

In the mountains we are accustomed to huge trees with reddish or yellowish scaly bark, of a decided grey color, deeply ridged and furrowed, vertically. The needles are in bundles of 3, usually.

Did you ever take a pine leaf-cluster in your hand and examine it? The contour of a cross-section near the base is like a tiny pie, cut in three parts—quite evenly and fairly, too! The "cut lines" form obtuse angles, and the outside is round, as befits a pie. The base is neatly done up in a tough, thin "oil-paper" effect, quite as if it were a tiny bit of tire-tape, binding the three leaves firmly together. Remove this—it only binds, not grows to the needles—and you'll find they are quite separate to their pale green bases. They average 4 or 5 inches in length, about the same as the cones, which when open soon become dull grey to match the bark. They hang on a long time, some older trees being fairly burdened with their weight. In a well-developed group they grow around the limb like radiating spokes of a wheel, hence their botanical name, "Pinus radiata". In the spring the trees are gay with bloom—how many have noticed that? Catkins of stamen flowers, all golden with pollen, which, when the flowers are mature, bursts out and floats, a fine golden dust, everywhere, including onto the tiny purple seed-flowers on the same tree, pollinating them and making them grow. For the first year these baby cones keep this beautiful purple color, but change the second year to bright green. It is in this stage that they make such charming candlesticks when gathered in nice

groups of three or four. Late that same fall they begin to turn brown, and the next summer sees them a bright chestnut brown—those the chipmunks have not stripped of seeds and scales, and changed to quaint little Indian tepees in shape, with a plainly spiral body of scale-bases. The normal shape of the cones is a truly "cone-shape" with enlarged scale tips, or "umbos", on one shoulder. Children easily remember them by shrugging up one shoulder and simulating their shape. They have no prickle or spine, when mature.

Our Monterey pines, then, are known by their deeply, vertically cracked grey bark, hard and not scaly; bright, dark-green leaves, three in a bundle, 4 or 5 inches long, and cone-shaped cones of about the same length, always having one shoulder hunched higher, of thickened scales, rounded at the tips.

They grow, natively, in America—possibly in the world, excepting Japan—only about the Monterey peninsula and in a few

scattered groves to the north and south of us, always on the coast. Scientists tell us that our grove extended about fifteen miles farther out seaward than now—possibly much farther. They are never very long-lived trees—70 to 100 years is a very fair age, if they are fortunate enough to be spared that long by the various bark beetles, mistletoe and deadly fungous growths.

—ELINOR SMITH

Leader of Nature Study Group

The next meeting of the Nature Study Group will be held on Tuesday morning, January 4, at 10:30 o'clock, at the home of Dr. Amelia L. Gates, Camino Real between Seventh and Eighth.

Wrought Iron

The Forge in The Oaks

John Catlin

Carmel

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SMALL

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CARMEL

AN IDOL WORSHIPER OF JULIA MARLOWE

From the New York World)

IT WAS WHEN Balfour's life of R. L. S. was first published that Henley, in reviewing it, tried to suggest mildly that Stevenson was something less (or perhaps more) than a saint. His effort to praise his friend with faint damns (if I may steal an old joke of Mr. Hammond's) would scarcely have caused a ripple in this day, when, as you might gather from Woodward's admirable "George Washington", for example, one writes a biography at all only for the purpose of pointing out that this or that hero was no great shakes.

But Henley's piece caused a great pother in his time, and the tottering survivors of that hot debate, who used to argue so angrily and at such length about Henley's scurvy denigration of his friend, can now actually get around to reading it. For the boundless Horace Liveright has recently reprinted it in a collection of such cases of literary assault and battery.

When it was new one of the aforesaid debates was between the lovely Julia Marlowe and her Grand Vizier, Charles Edward Russell. Miss Marlowe, it seems, was ill for Henley, for candor, for the whole truth. "A biography that pictures a man as all of a piece," quoth she, "is no biography." Which morsel of wisdom Mr. Russell could remember after a quarter of a century, could set it down verbatim in his recently published tome on Miss Marlowe, and yet reveal in every page of that long, dull, fatuous biography, that it meant nothing in his life—nothing, certainly, in his "Life of Julia Marlowe."

For sport, however, as Miss Marlowe's favorite author once observed, to see the enginger hoist with his own petard. Mr. Russell has written an idolatrous work on his cherished tragedienne under the fixed notion that, on and off stage, every one was out of step except Julia Marlowe. Yet, since he apparently surveyed her long career in a state of complete uncomprehension of all the new, yeasty, transforming life astir in the world theatre in the years of its span, he inevitably conveys the cruel impression that Miss Marlowe herself was equally ignorant of what was going on about her. Frankly, that unfortunate lady emerges from Mr. Russell's fond, well-meant ministrations, as more than a trifle stupid.

This impression derives, I suppose, from a thousand and one scattered details. You pick it up in the excruciatingly ex parte account of the New Theatre disaster, in the Marlowe resolution to play only "the role of the woman that does not fall when tempted", the exclusive interest in "the dramatic attraction of the woman that stays pure". You derive it especially from her reprinted comments on the Ibsen plays, in which other actresses of her time

were appearing with some distinction. Miss Marlowe, of course, never played any of the Ibsen roles, but she appears to have examined them carefully for she was in a position to issue a statement to the effect that they were actor-proof.

I think, however, that Mr. Russell's greatest disservice to his heroine was in the impalpable suggestion that invented her. I vow you could read his whole book through and be smitten at the end with a wonder if there really ever was such a person as Julia Marlowe. She does so strongly suggest the incredible actress that occasionally appears as a character in a novel written by some one who never knew one in real life. As I turned his pages I was baffled by a haunting resemblance to one such and could have jumped for joy when I finally traced the memory. It was to an actress whom I encountered in a book by Louisa Alcott, which I purchased last summer in Cannes and read with vast enjoyment.

The book was "Jo's Boys" and the character who so fascinated me was merely described as "Miss Cameron, the great actress". She, it seems, had "lost her lover years ago and since had lived only for art." But let me quote a passage from the book. Miss Cameron is speaking:

It would be pleasant to me to know that when I quit the stage I leave behind me a well-trained, faithful, gifted comrade to more than fill my place, and carry on what I have much at heart—the purification of the stage. Remember, mere beauty and rich costumes do not make an actress, nor are the efforts of a clever little girl to play great characters real art. It is all dazzle and sham, and a disgrace and disappointment now. Why will the public be satisfied with opera-

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

bouffe, or the trash called society plays, when a world of truth and beauty, poetry and pathos lies waiting to be interpreted and enjoyed?

Miss Cameron had forgotten to whom she spoke, and walked to and fro, full of the noble regrets all cultivated people feel at the low state of the stage nowadays.

It is, I feel sure, a flaw in Mr. Russell's equipment as a biographer which makes the unfortunate Miss Marlowe sound always so exactly like "Miss Cameron, the great actress".

There are, to be sure, some real errors of fact in the Russell opus. One curious one produces endless confusion in the chronology of the early part of the book. He goes at some length into her first appearance on the stage which he places in Vincennes, Indiana, in a juvenile company of "Pinafore". This, he says, was in the Fall of 1876, when she was just eleven years old. The odd part of this is that at that time "Pinafore" had not even been written, much less established as a world favorite extending even to Indiana. Its first performance anywhere was the London premiere in May, 1878.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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An Artist Who Won't Admit It

PEOPLE just love to have me make a sketch of them and they are perfectly amiable until they see the picture, but after that it takes years to win them back," said Mrs. Hugh Feriss laughingly, as she stood in the attractive garden of her cottage on San Antonio street and told something of why and when she had come to Carmel, and how charmed she was with it in the few weeks that she has been here.

As well as being former assistant art editor of Vanity Fair, Mrs. Feriss has done covers for the magazine and has supplied many of the society caricatures that are featured in its pages. Several covers for the Golden Book magazine have also been the work of Mrs. Feriss. Prior to her magazine work, this well known artist made court caricatures for several New York newspapers.

"I also had to go out after interviews, but my interviews were always pen and ink sketches," she went on. "One certainly has a world of experiences in work of that kind. When I made a sketch of John Barrymore I had to go into the theater where he was rehearsing for a new play, go behind the scenes and find him working hard over some difficult lines. But people are all the same the world over: they are both pleased and embarrassed when I tell them that I am going to draw or paint their picture, but the pleasure vanishes rapidly after the first edition of the paper comes out."

Mr. and Mrs. Feriss and their little daughter came to Carmel a few weeks ago from New York, and have taken the Russell Field cottage on San Antonio for several months. Mrs. Feriss plans to work on her art here. Owing to business in New York it will be necessary for the Feriss's to leave Carmel in the early spring.

The colored illustrations and covers done by Mrs. Feriss for Vanity Fair are well known all over America. She does both pen and ink sketches in water colors and oils.

Upon being asked if it embarrassed her to be questioned about her work and herself, Mrs. Feriss said that she had gotten over all that long ago when she was engaged in the task of putting people's faces on paper.

"One has to forget embarrassment," she said, "the one questioned as well as the questioner."

—E. I.

The Death of Monet

(From the New Yorker)

THE DEATH in France last week of Claude Monet caused little stir. It is not that art folk forget their giants, but Monet's activities in the last years of his life were mainly concerned with a pursuit of the finer variants of a technique

he had long since helped to perfect. He was eighty-six, and a long way past the troublesome era of his youth when men fought duels over schools of art. His latter years were spent in his garden painting the same thing over and over again, to catch the object in different phases of sunlight.

The news of his death will revive a problem that has troubled many a lay mind in this busy civilization. There were two of them, Manet and Monet; which was which? For a time the erudite could always say "Manet is the one who is dead," but that easy formula will no longer work. The lay mind is not to be blamed. It was young Manet himself who discovered another young upstart apparently using a corruption of his name and an imitation of his style. Seeking the other out, he found that there actually was a person by the name of Monet, an artist in his own right. The two became great friends during the feverish years of Impressionism; together they fought many battles. And if it will help fix the fact in mind, it was Manet who, by his new technique, was the father of Impressionism, his seeds that have filled our fields with fruit now lumped as Modern.

But it was Monet who holds title to naming the school. His picture, entitled "Impressions at Sunrise," was thrown out of the Academy on its ear, but later was hung in a dark corridor. It set up such a stir that it became a symbol of the new kind of painting—the breaking up of pigment as against the old smooth method of brush-work. Of the contending parties following that episode, those who followed that school were called "Impressionists," a term commonly misused today.

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By SIDNEY HOWARD

LECTURER TELLS 'REDEMPTIVE MISSION of CHRISTIAN SCIENCE'

CHRISTIAN Science: Its Redemptive Mission" was the subject of a lecture delivered in the Theater of the Golden Bough on Sunday, December 26, by Bickell Young, C. S. B., of Chicago, Illinois, member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts. The lecture, under the auspices of Christian Science Society of Carmel, was, in part, as follows:

There lately fell into my hands a newspaper clipping describing the discovery of a new disease. It was curious to note with what enthusiasm the writer perorated to the effect that this was the only disease that had been both discovered and fully elucidated in America. All of this seemed to him a great boon for the race, and his commendation for the discovery and praise of the discoverer knew no bounds save those of a restricted vocabulary.

About sixty years ago Mary Baker Eddy discovered Christian Science and coordinately discovered that there is no disease, either old or new. This astonishing event, strange as it may seem to you, had to do with facts, not theories. It was purely scientific and ethical, and its high purpose was not tainted by any personal ambition. Mrs. Eddy was not seeking fame but truth, and she found it in the mental realm where truth exists primarily and exclusively.

Always a Christian, she naturally accepted the universally admitted fact that God is infinite; but she perceived that the word infinite had been misinterpreted to include both eternal facts and temporal things. She saw that infinity could not include evil, for infinity means endless continuity, whereas evil means destruction. She was thus enabled to explain evil,—a thing that had never been done, notwithstanding that all philosophers from the earliest times of intellectual activity to our own times had asked themselves, What is the origin of evil? Mrs. Eddy saw and announced that an infinite cause and evil in any form are polar opposites. She saw that they can never meet or unite or coalesce or be known to each other; and because she was compassionately aware of the crying need of humanity to be free from disease, she took the first great scientific step toward that most desirable end by announcing the unreality of disease.

This should not be misunderstood, and need not be, for Christian Science and its operation in humanity's behalf fulfill all the requirements of Science every step of the way and show that the most that can properly be said of disease or any other form of evil is that it appears to be a human reality, and that just because it appears to be a human reality it needs to be banished,—that is, to be made unreal

to human beings. This is exactly the right thing to do and is exactly what Christian Science does.

You may at first doubt such a result, and possibly think me audacious to stand here and announce such a discovery, but you will agree that if this discovery can justify itself by proof, then its beneficent influence must exceed that of all other discoveries made since the beginning of the world. By way of unimpeachable evidence, thousands of Christian Scientists aver that they have seen disease disappear from the human body when the belief and fear of it were dispelled from the human mind through Christian Science.

However strange the doctrine of Christian Science as to disease and sin may appear to the casual thinker or unthinking person, the fact is that no other doctrine offers a single indication of a way of deliverance. The belief in the reality of evil, the fruit of centuries of wrong beliefs about God, has been accepted without question. I say, without question, for while we admit that here and there a philosopher, or true disciple of Christianity, or a poet perceived the ideas of Christianity, and expressed the hope that they were more real than the contrary experiences to which all seemed to be subject, yet prior to the advent of Christian Science there was nothing definite in this direction; no discernment of Principle by which to judge righteous judgment, no rule by which righteous judgment could be made operative in behalf of sick, sinning, and dying men and women.

It has been commonly supposed that Jesus alone could exercise deific power, and that he alone had the right to do so. But he taught differently, and on the very day that Mrs. Eddy announced the Principle and rule of pure spiritual healing it became possible for everyday people like ourselves to achieve the natural right and privilege of healing the sick and saving sinners.

The very first case healed in Christian Science by Mrs. Eddy nearly sixty years ago proved this Science, proved the universality of it, and brought to pass what St. John declared in Revelation, that Christ "hath made us kings and priests unto God."

Mrs. Eddy's personal experience had convinced her of the futility of material methods. Utterly disappointed, as all must ultimately be, in the mixture of truth and error, spirit and matter, presented to the world in the name of both religion and science, she finally turned to the divine Mind exclusively. She read the Bible in a new light and perceived the deep scientific significance of its teachings. Thus she discovered the Science of Christ, Christian Science. She tested it by healing the sick and reforming the sinner, and

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

finally gave it to the world in her book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures."

With singleness of purpose and heroic fortitude she established the Christian Science movement and became its Leader. Her wisdom and foresight in founding The Mother Church and the branch churches of Christ, Scientist, as well as the publications designed to interest and educate the public, are becoming familiar to well informed people throughout the world. No one can deny the deep devotion and unselfishness of her work. It remains for us to carry it on by following the teachings her writings contain.

Christian Science has given us eyes to see the real way and the understanding to walk in it, but I would not give the impression that this way and this understanding can come to you without any effort on

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your part. We can call your attention to the heritage. According to the Bible it is "incorruptible" and "fadeth not away," but if you desire it you must claim it. There is no realm in which you can do so other than the realm of thought or education,—using the term in the highest sense.

The thinking that resembles God—and thinking is the only thing about a human being that ever does resemble God—is the way, and the only way of deliverance. It was the way that Jesus recommended; it was his way.

The beneficent power and influence of the Christ cannot be invoked through material means. You and I at this moment are thinking about the healing power of God, which available power apprehended is properly named Christ, Truth. To think about it is a wonderful step for us to take, but it is not the final step. In a certain sense there is no final step. You cannot measure thoughts. They are not restricted by time or distance. We can think over hill and dale and lakes and mountains and forests and cities and countries and oceans, and even out to the stars. What a wonderful word Mind is!

Do you doubt the power of this divine presence? Do you think this power insufficient to heal your diseases, assuage your sorrows, comfort your hearts, remove your fears, and give you the kingdom of heaven within and without? The supreme naturalness of all this must appeal to every earnest person. Its efficacy is certain, and every one must test it for himself. Entertaining these ideas with absolute sincerity, you will find that they banish evil thinking and wrongdoing.

Christian Science alone brings to light divine Principle and shows that no thinking is right except that which recognizes that the design and purpose of the one divine and infinite Mind is good, and is equally good for all creatures. None are selected or picked out to be particularly favored, but all are blessed. It is ever true that "God is no respecter of persons," but God is a respecter of thinking,—or to speak more accurately, thinking approximates the divine Mind, God, when ideas which express the power and law of good, God, are entertained and maintained. If such thinking becomes habitual it constitutes the means by which man's unity with God is proved, and in this light the belief in disease disappears. When this occurs the human body manifests health.

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Mrs. Gabby Speaks

(A Christmas Aftermath)

THANK Gawd Christmas is over but now I have a lot of worthless doo snacks around the house that will never do me a particle of good I am sure just look at that crocheted cover for the back of a chair heaven only knows what use I have for it I don't see why Mary gave it to me she knows that I hate the things well it was probably something that somebody gave her last Christmas and she had to get rid of it in some way but I suppose that I can do the same thing with it next year sort of a round robin affair don't you know and now I wonder what I wasted that lovely Chinese vase on her for when I could have kept it myself and then I should have known that she would do something like that but then this everlasting talk about Christmas spirit gives me a pain it would probably be all right if you knew just who was going to send you cards and presents instead of having to dash up town after receiving a surprise card and buy a New Years to send off well that is one thing we have to be thankful for—that New Years comes so conveniently as a sort of follow up after the rush and then all this bunk about Santa Claus Children only believe in him around Christmas any way and they do that merely as a business proposition Oh My Gawd there goes Helen I forgot to send her a card—well come over and see me again won't you I so enjoyed having you—

TRAIN SCHEDULES

Leaving Monterey

7:04 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)
9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.
10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)
3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.
6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Arriving at Monterey

8:30 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.
11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.
6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.
8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.
9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

CARMEL BUSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 11 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.

Leave Monterey 8:30 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

STATE BUSES

Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.

For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 6 p.m.

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